

# THE CLAYTON NEWS

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY

CHAS. P. SUTHERS (HIGH)  
Editor and Owner

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And it erupted-imitation and more hot air.

## Fifty-Fifty

Of course it doesn't really make any difference whether Mr. Guyer is competent or incompetent. In either event he is a nonentity and joke insofar as official business in either the county, state or nation is concerned. It seems that the gentleman, and no one will deny that he is a gentleman when he can think of it, has not time to have a little sense. Lack of the USE of brains, not the lack of brains on the part of Mr. Guyer himself, is the cause of the gentleman's real or imaginary troubles. We know that Mr. Guyer and associates, however indignantly they may deny it, offered unqualified support to any and every official who would give them ALL business within their power. And furthermore we know that we agreed, upon what was supposed to be the Citizen Publishing Company's own proposition, that they have one-half of the county printing, and The News one-half. A representative of the Citizen made the proposition in our presence. We know that that idea was put into effect and that Mr. Guyer and his associates received quite a bit more than one-half of the business. We know that did not satisfy him. Because he did not get ALL he started a campaign of calumny against the county commissioners and all other officials, and justly lost the whole of the business. No one can deny these facts, because we are not alone in knowing them to be facts. Mr. Guyer is a pseudo lawyer an out-of-date school teacher, a natural born crank and an eternal grouch. His ravings are interesting to us—they supply us with several hours amusement each week. That is the principal reason why we keep him touched up and "faring to go."

The Leo Frank case is settled—certainly settled so far as Frank is concerned. We do not like the method used by the Georgia mob in settling the case and Frank's "hash," but it is evident that the people of that state had resolved to take the law into their own hands and mete out what they considered justice. Practically all Georgia believed Frank guilty, and all Georgia believes in protecting its womanhood.

During 1913-14 Mr. Geo. W. Guyer was chief deputy assessor of Union county. For the benefit of those who do not know through failure of being told by Mr. Guyer, we pass the information that Mr. Guyer is a most wonderful man. Although not a lawyer, he can rightly interpret any law; not a philosopher, he has Socrates backed clear off the field; not a genius, he has Edison beat the diameter of the earth; not a politician, he has Teddyfelt skinned the length of an up-hill running, non-existent Brazilian river; not a statesman, he has Webster and Hay, Bryan and Lansing beaten by all the freatics on paper; not a president, he has Wilson beat the length and breadth of the American domain; not a liar he has Munchausen—. What's the use? Mr. Guyer is one of the greatest mathematicians extant. For some unaccountable reason Mr. Guyer was absolutely unable to balance the assessor's books last fall, although they were the children of his erection. The state auditor was insistent. Mr. Guyer finally bundled the books up and sent them to Santa Fe, together with a letter of explanation that he could not strike a balance. Strange. This year a young man, a very young man, struck the balance in a few hours. But he is not an egotist, not an efficient human being.

## Patriotism Personified

John Hays Hammond, Jr., talks like a patriot and a man of sense, and patriotic mand ense are by no means synonymous.

He is the young man who has invented the radio-wireless submarine torpedo, which he proposes to sell to Uncle Sam only, and which is said to be the deadliest thing for making war known. His torpedo weighs two tons, is ten times larger than the biggest torpedo in use, has a displacement of thirty-five tons, is driven by 600 horse power, and controlled from shore by wireless waves, and is almost unerring in aim.

"I will not sell this torpedo to any of the belligerent powers," said Hammond. First, because I do not need the money; second, because I would not like to think of the child of my brain slaughtering thousands of men; third, because this country, my own country, may need the thing soon in her defense. But if those devils ever come over here I would be perfectly willing to stand with my finger on that wireless key of mine and shoot torpedo after torpedo into them. I would do it without a qualm, and there would be nothing left of them but stuff for the American junkman.

"It is all right to talk about not wanting to fight. I do not want to fight; I want to prepare to fight. For if the other fellow wants to fight what have I to say about it?"

That's the crux of our war proposition. We've got to be so well prepared that the other fellow will not want to fight us.—Silver City Independent.

## I Saw It in The News

If you want to help a bit;  
If you want to make a hit;  
If you want a blessing on your head diurnal;

If you want to boost the town,  
Bring its citizens renown,  
Just mention that you saw it in this journal.

It will help the advertiser;  
It will show that you are wiser,  
More considerate than the average man you meet;  
It is just a little favor,  
But it leaves a pleasant flavor  
If you mention that you saw it in this sheet.

You'll encourage local trade,  
And the home town merchant aid,  
While the editor will cut a merry caper,  
And the mail order concern  
Smaller dividends will earn,  
If you mention that you saw it in this paper.

This morning we had a new one sprung on us. Our natural ego and twenty odd years experience with tramp printers and all other kinds of tramps had caused us to believe that we were wise to all their stories. But nix. Tramps are the wisest and most versatile people on earth. One blowed into the shop about 7:00 o'clock this morning and assured us he had lost his last two nickels in crossing the street—the two nickels he was depending upon for a sandwich and a cup of coffee for breakfast. Naturally he hadn't had a bite for two or three days. We recognized the species, but the story was new and we almost believe original; so the breakfast was on us, and we, with the co-operation of "Curly" Lehr, filled the teller to overflowing. This is an easy joint and hungry people are not allowed.

## A Baboo Proposal of Marriage

To the amusing baboo letters that are circulating Tit-Bits adds this one:

"Dear Sir—It is with faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring.

"For some remote time to past a secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing loveknot that is being constructed in my within side, but the timid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my lovesick heart.

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## "Roll Your Own"—It's All The Fashion

"Bull" Durham tobacco, fresh, delicious, satisfying, is the favorite smoke of ultra-smart America. Any afternoon in the fashionable metropolis, prominent business men, professional men and club men roll up in their motors to the popular Thes-Dansants, Hotels and Restaurants for a bit of light refreshment, a view of the dancing, and—most enjoyable of all—a fragrant, fresh-rolled "Bull" Durham Cigarette, fashioned by their own skill, to meet their individual requirements.

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"Bull" Durham hand made cigarettes are a source of lasting satisfaction to millions of experienced smokers.

**FREE** An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, free, to any address in U.S. on postal request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C.

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GOOD CLEAN

# COAL

G. G. GRANVILLE

Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. During the region of rightness my intellectual cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude after my beloved consort. Nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which

has besieged my now degenerate constitution. My educational capabilities have abandoned me, and I now cling to those loving long tresses of your much-coveted daughter like a mariner shipwrecked on the rock of love. As to my scholastic ability I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am of a lofty

and original lineage and of independent incomes, and hoping that having debated this proposition in your preoccupied mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle. Your dutiful son-in-law, (Signed)—"